MID MAGAZINE:
AN ECOLOGY OF MIDS

(Visual by Olivia Tinnin)

Mid Magazine Vol. 1's objective is to create a swarm intelligence system capable of love, combining the artistic aptitude of a discrete collective in pursuit of something approaching a hive mind. Our primary goals are to protect and revere nature. This project is ongoing and remains under radical observation, please make meticulous note of your findings and remember what the spoiled lime said, "mids are loud."

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flavors flowing through my veins//cinnamon, cardamom, passed down through generations/eras/revolutions of DNA//spices connecting me to a string of ancestry - creating eternity

words by tara shafa // recipe by word of mouth

Morassa’ Polo

(bejeweled rice: rice with chicken, orange peel, nuts, raisins and barberries)

With what you lack in family connection, maybe share with friends

INGREDIENTS FOR 6 TO 8 SERVINGS

2 lbs. (900 grams) chicken breasts
1 small onion, quartered
1 tsp salt
1 cup water
2 cup rice
6 cup water
2 tbs salt
1 cup orange peels, slivered
½ cup almonds, slivered
½ cup pistachio, chopped
1 cup raisins
1 cup barberries
½ tsp cardamom
2 tbs butter or margarine
½ cup hot water
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
¼ tsp saffron, dissolved in 2 tbs hot water

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING

Place chicken, onion, salt, and water in pressure cooker and cook chicken for 30 minutes; remove, cool, and debone; set aside.

Rinse rice several times in warm water until water runs clear; soak 30 minutes. Meanwhile, bring water and salt to a boil in a large pot. Add rice to boiling water and boil rapidly for 5-10 minutes or until kernels are no longer crunchy but still quite firm. Drain and set aside.

Boil orange peel in water for 15 minutes. Drain and set aside.

Mix together orange peel, almonds, pistachios, raisins and barberries.

Melt butter in a large pot, and evenly spread a third of the cooked rice on the bottom of the pot. Arrange chicken pieces on top of rice.

Mix together remaining rice, orange peel, nuts, raisins, barberries, and cardamom and spread out evenly on top of chicken pieces. Perforate rice to bottom of the pot with the handle of a spatula.

Mix together hot water and butter or margarine and pour over the rice mixture.

Cover lid with a towel and secure on top of pot. Steam rice and chicken over medium heat for 20 minutes, reduce heat to low and steam for an additional 30-40 minutes. (allow ancestors to confirm rice is cooked)

Mix together 2 cups of the cooked rice with the saffron solution.DIsh out the POLO on a large platter in a mound; arrange the crispy pieces of the chicken (TAHDIG) around the bottom of the mound. Sprinkle the saffron-rice mixture on top.

I had not enjoyed this as a child but strong flavors remind me of a lost naivety.

Affirm the existence i had to create for myself.

/one/two/three/

if not winter
/ no pain

if not freedom
/ no love

/ bid you sing
we are love in motion
we riot

and I rejoice
/
where is your home now
after genocide
and gentrification
smoked our lungs out?

we’re the cold rain water through apple branches
and with roses the whole place is shadowed and down from radiant-shaking leaves
freedom comes dropping.

and in it our lives have come into bloom
flourishing
bleeding honey

      las diosas suplicaban se oídas
escuchar el río
remember who you were
and pray

(Kimani Rose)

June Moon

Under the street night light beetles blush across small pavement like. My embarrassment the color of. The strawberry moon where. Ripening happens when. When time happens, when moon happens, correctly. To be clear. Touching only if you can carry my embarrassment, which has color that moves like beetles across small night pavement in the light of streetlight. The sound they make across pavement like. My feet on your cheeks on your pavement on your. Green strawberry eyes which are. Spilling blue through the window where the water happens. Blue, actually, which is ripening. Romantically speaking, the moon is complete like this because things are ready when. Touching until. Well. Everyone I am sure is curious as to the question of my sexuality, to which I will address nothing except. Spilling, your eyes sometimes. On the pavement, sometimes. Like beetles in your pavement hands, sometimes. How many beetles until? Spilling like your eyes through the window that holds the water like pavement spilled wrong. If you were looking for it, which. Not trusting your cheeks when they go like. Ripening when beetles move like the sound of fingernails drumming my bare embarrassment barely there with green. Back to business.
How else are we going to make this hurt?

(Max Parker)

Adamn Killa on Nature

z. swezy: In your travels has there been one place in nature that lingers in your memory?

Adamn Killa: It's tulip fields. In Amsterdam. Where we shot the "Ten" video.

Do you think the planet reacts to us like a sensor?

AK: Yes, I think that's why natural disasters happen. They happen because the planet is reacting to the damage we are causing.

Yeah, I think that too. Especially the wild fires.

AK: Big facts, a lot of those wildfires are caused by people.

Can you talk about the importance of dogs and other animals in your life?

AK: I love my kids, they are my kids. I think they are very important in life, they bring overall joy and they always want to give you affection. You can feel the love. Love is a very important force.

Do you agree with this tweet or have anything to add?

Cozart, Keith (ChiefKeef). "The purpose of nature is the advancement and development of life." 6 September 2012, 12:22 a.m. Tweet.

AK: I think the purpose of nature is for it to be left alone, we bother them too much. I don't like zoos. But everything in nature has a purpose and people messing with it are ruining its purpose, that's why there's so much air pollution.

The Planet is a Sensor

In the thicket carved of wood,
where a cricket prayed and stood,
chanting cadence barely heard,
we hold on to ancient words.

We lament the ones who died,
then we house the plants inside.
With every inch and frailing spire,
the sensors grow rabid, the rabble dires.

And out of all the muck and mire,
come our own funeral pyres,
then through the smoke from constant fires,

while everything foretold unfurls,
we will clutch on to this world.

(z. arvind swezy)

(Visual by Jermaine Collins)

This Paragraph Ponders the Planet

This paragraph knows its end. Knows the ink it needs to breathe. Prepared awareness like a pen with a membrane. Perhaps the earth once had a ring. Perhaps it still does and the love and hate we harvest blinds the outside sky. This paragraph tries to make sense of it all before the final period cuts the brakes and takes the wheel. This is how floating must feel.

My Parents

My parents waited
until I could talk before
giving me a name. You
decide, they said to me.
My vocabulary was a limited
cloth of possibilities. I said Bath
and here we are, painting
mirrors clear, steering a boat
between these trees.
Nearby, a tow truck
pulls a tow truck,
and the sky, it tries
to land.

(Benjamin Niespodziany)

little terrain

i am flat earth
inhabited by volcanoes, no longer dormant.
mind of magma
a head of hair like molten rock.
little mars on my face
dropped like gps pins on the body that is peninsula,
mine the map of india,
my perpendicular nose, mine a centrepiece,
left arm of lacerations,
these palms read like london.
blood under fingernails
after that time i clawed at self,
ran with the lava,
i was always stained with god.
earth does not offer anything more sustainable than
mashallah,
not even the sun,
although i used to fly a little close,
but yeah, god willed it.
and yeah, your daughter forgot this.
doubted the naked eye but seeker of the coroner's
truth
like astronomers do with skies,
how archeologists dig into ground
unearthing what was left behind.
my ugly is delirious
drenched in hysteria.
i tried to become so many people
for so many people
like, paranoid, parasuicide,
like parasailing pesticide
when i could be floral.
a colony of coral grief,
yeah, i could be floral.
you could be mashallah,
beauty is temporal,
gorgeous is as misleading as daylight saving,
yeah, you could wear laurel.
your daughter used to spin with the earth
now that she moves clockwise
she lets the hands carry her.

(Plant<3heela)

(LC)

wys friday?

wyd friday night?
up the shoots and down
the ladders?
snaking up vines and
wrestling adders?
rhymezone rhizome botany
matters?
songwrite soundbite mind
ur manners?
idk im concerned i'll
never get over
all the stairs i almost
fell down
i wanna make a audiophile
an audio file
jsyk what its like to
walk in my shoes a mile
rubber goose choc mousse
etc etc

(Visual by Jermaine Collins)

(Max Parker)

In Few Words

To start with her eyes would be one thing. Another
to go about the way her ribbon mouth pulled in on itself

as she blew stray sand from the beach orange as she peeled.

She said delicious and undone to mean “more.”
To mean “more of that,” specifically.

The sugar moon as the beginning of warmth, she said.

Worm moon.

Her eyes, I guess, were green. No romance.

She said, I think, that she was reaching out to find
in the slow green space between. No

she said I was thinking about kissing you. So there was some romance.
And then what. Seawashed gin fizz.

Warm warmth.

Her mouth milkweed going to seed, rushing with floss
before being burned in fall for straighter stems.

Cracking like an egg moon inside the bowl that is the sky.
In the green walls of my lungs.

And so on.

She said if you are looking to start a heart, this is it.
The sky around us opens its mouth to drink too.

Cube

In front of you appears a cube of nature,
shining, like a fresh-formed plastic
sculpture. A perfect cube - the edges
sanded, polished, with corners soft round and formed.

A cube of nature appears in front,
formed of mud and plants and animals,
dirt and grit and feathers.
A perfect cube - where the sides
meet air and eye you are greeted with
cross-sections of plants and rocks and dirt and animal.

You touch the cube, of perfect
nature. The mud is cold, the fur is
warm and slowly undulating -
pressing against an invisible edge,
smoothing and flattening.

Why can’t you leave the cube?
Of course. The collar,
taut round your neck - the cord from it
goes and goes, burying itself
deep within.

Has it always been like this?
A cube of perfect nature,
floating in air,
pulled along by the collar round your neck.

You feel your hand again along the edge,
passing over rock and plant,
cross-section of gut,
and find some mud and hook
it with your finger to peel it off,

and now you unwrap the cube, its pieces.
the dirt falls from your hand
plants and roots are ripped loose,
half carcasses fall and a woodland retinue
scurries away.

Here it is:
a tiny tiny man
floats in air. A collar round his neck
and stretched by a cord right to yours.
He is very ugly - and doesn’t really look like you,
you think at least.

He speaks,
or gurgles,
or groans.

His eyes meet yours and they are full of sadness.

He must love you.
He always has.

It is suffocating - you try and reform the cube,
covering him in dirt, but it falls off.
The plants won’t stick either,
and the creatures all ran away.

Desperate you grab a rock and smash his head in.

In front of you floats a tiny tiny dead man.

(Eamon Ivri)

Two Sections from “Sinew State”

(Visual by Kai Whiston)

above me that red and pink body tips the scales of the month into nothingness. fish for the future in the fantasy and forget the line that spits its comma right down the center of the divide. eyes closed, there’s a humming bird that visits me. open, she whispers. and this is what’s inside: a globe of bright water, a circle of trees. a love that’s much softer, a thousand flowers for bees. and what follows april? and what follows may? the collection of air people swallow to be able to say what they say

my fire burns blue and looks like nothing to you. you smell like eucalyptus and pine to me, hidden under the snow and the trees. here we go frozen and streaked, the ice’s slightly varying technique, drop down to the warmth at the root. eyes closed, see below the lake’s eye: the tulip, the lily, the rose. do you suppose we’ve found here in the vortex the cure or just several stems over miles shivering and sighing “for sure”

(Laura Goldstein)

Materials for collage:

Bricks, wind sock fish, watermelon, pineapple, orange, mushroom, strawberry, moss, rock, pumpkin, grapes, candy, blue monkey, gift bag, barbed wire, lattice

(Visual by Julia Kriegel)

things i remember from pakistan fifteen years ago

thick heat waves rising from cracked asphalt,

the wintry cold of the A/C,

scuttling lizards on windowsills,

lumps of rats crawling behind trees,

tall gates and balconies,

garlic naan and chicken tikka warmed on the grill,

paper cones of hot corn, buttered and spiced

-puking for days after buying this

from a street vendor at night-

rickshaws and sweating chauffeurs,

my aunt sobbing on a bed in rancid heat,

-just months after they found her baby

drowned in the neighborhood pool-

falling asleep with my hands face up, wet with henna

-terrified of waking up with my small palms stuck to my cheeks-

a peeling blue book of sketch paper,

my grandmother shouting at a cook,

a lazy susan too big for me to spin,

sleeping on tiled floors,

meeting the crows that my mother

used to speak to at sunrise

(Imama Kay)

The Shadow the Future Casts on Us

Monkeys climb the rungs of time—
looping spirals, tumbling tidal
circles tightening on each downward
cycle.

If you spend your whole life
living in the shadow of the thing—
that will swallow,
bury and shallow you,
how will that have been?

When the shadow was small
 we could neglect it.

Could the shade of a titan eclipse
its creator? We laughed wondering,
from inside the structure
of the joke.

The umbra seemed at first fog, like
smoke or smog or a gaussian
blur, right? We didn’t see
it was going to be
our Leviathan.

(z. arvind swezy)

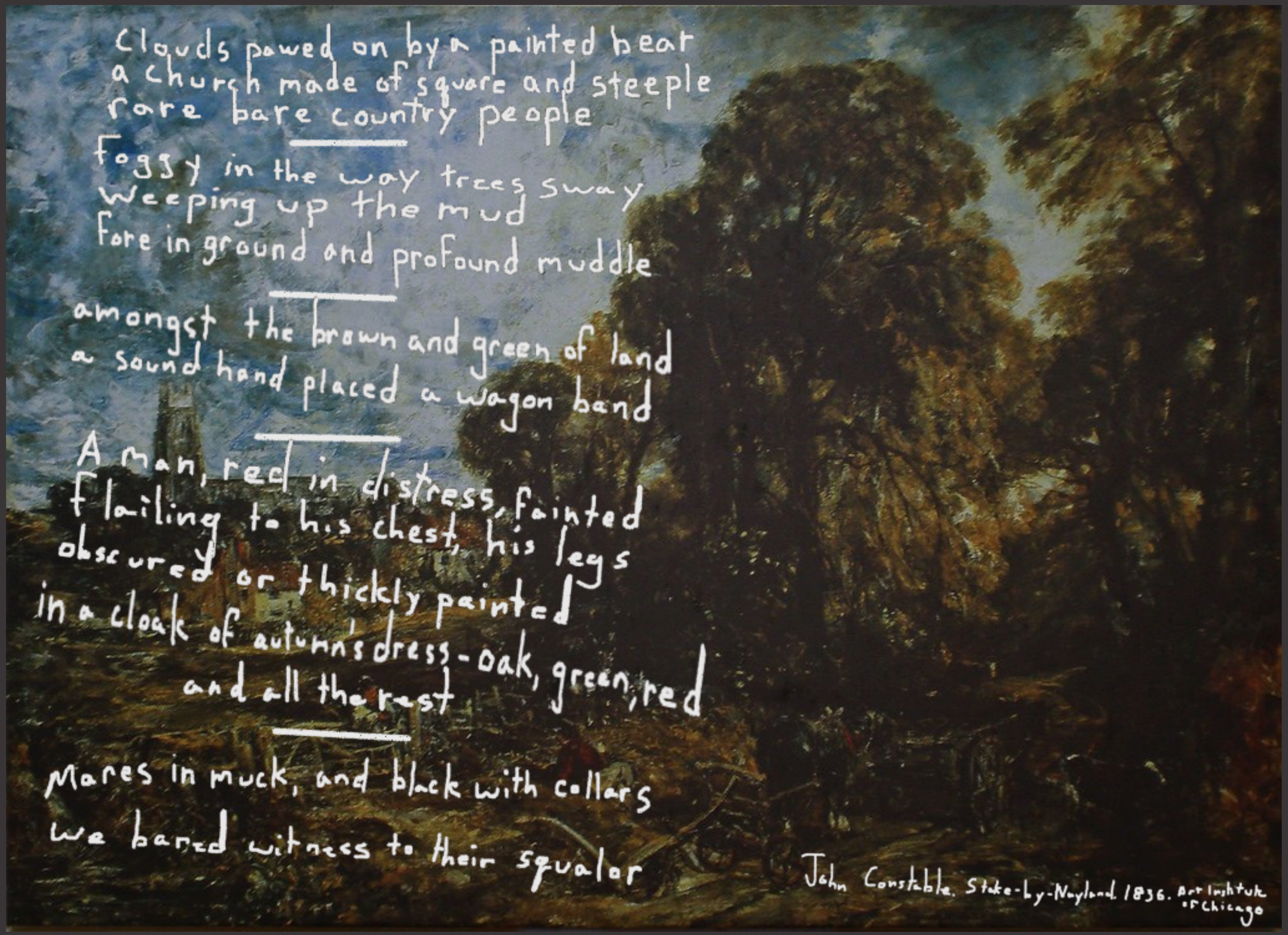
to the house on tahoe circle

my grandfather’s kids are finally selling his house

  after something like thirty years
    after something like eleven children
      and all of their children
        and now all of their children’s children
  with the purple irises that bloom frontyard in the summertime
    and the screaming cicadas in the trees
      and the porch where i would count roly-polies with my father
        and the chrysalis i once saw hanging slick like a green spring roll
  and the room where i found my grandfather dead
    and thought i could catch his soul with a butterfly net
      the drawers still filled with his tea rusks and peppermint candies
        his cane still propped by the bed
and the shabby carpeted stairs lined with photos
  that the kids would sit on with paper plates when
    there was no room left at the dinner table

(which was never)

(Imama Kay)


Clouds pawed on by a painted heat
a church made of square and steeple
rare bare country people
foggy in the way trees sway
weeping up the mud
fore in ground and profound muddle
amongst the brown and green of land
a sound hand placed a wagon band
A man, red in distress, fainted
flailing to his chest, his legs
obscured or thickly painted
in a cloak of autumn's dress - oak, green, red
and all the rest
mares in muck, and black with collars
we bared witness to their squalor
John Constable. Stoke-by-Nayland. 1836. Art Institute of Chicago

(z. arvind swezy)

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